



*Drawing courtesy of the painter, Zdzislaw Nitka*

ikh fleg onton tserisene un bay der arbet mit groyse shverikeyt ongeton naye zakhn. zeyer shtreng iz undz geven farbotn tsu haltn tashnmeserlekh. dos flegt men kenen brengen nor dan ven men flegt inmitn der nakht aroysgeyn oyf der ban-stantsye, ven es flegt kumen a transport.

vi ikh hob shoyn frier gehat dermont, ob ikh zikh gehaltn tsuzamen mit *Ayzik Tsigel*. tsuzamen zaynen mir geshlofn oyf eyn bet un tsuzamen gearbet. nokh finf teg oparbetn, hot er bakumen 25 shmits farn veln arayntrogn in lager finf shtiklekh tsuker. men hot im gebrakht tsufirn mitn vegele in lager. tsumorgns hot men im ibergeshikt in a tsveytn blok, fun velkhn men flegt alemen avekshikn oyf transport, in umbakanter rikhtung.

itst bin ikh geblibn eyner. men hot mir gegeben a bayshlefer. a Grodner yid. mir zaynen geven gute khaveyrim. lang hot dos ober nisht gehaltn. ikh hob eyn mol bashlosn tsu brengen in lager a shakhtl sardinen far a blokovn, az er zol derfar aroysnemen tsvey mentshn, *Yashke Margolyes* un *Yehoshua Shapiro* fun der komande-krematoryum numer 1 un zey gebn a tsveyte komande.

ikh bin dan geven oyf der ban-statsye un baym arayngeyn tsurik in lager, hob ikh mitgenumen a shakhtl sardinen. kumendik farn toyer bay der blokfirer-shtube hot men undz bazukht un bay mir hot men gefunen di shakhtl sardinen. men hot opgeshribn mayn numer un mikh gelozt fray. tsumorgns bin ikh gegangen tsu der arbet vi ale tog. ven s'iz gekumen mitik-tsayt, hot der „zeyde“ oysgerufn mayn numer un ikh bin aroys tsu im, visndik vos mikh dervart.

„Big zikh ker!“- hot er a vildn geshray geton un gevizn mitn finger oyfn benkl. farvos es iz nit iz geven- der bafel hot glaykh gemuzt oysgefirt

I used to put on torn clothes and, with great difficulty, would (**change my clothes and**) dress in new clothes at work. We were strictly forbidden to carry pocket knives. We could only **smuggle** them (**to the camp**), when we went to the train station in the middle of the night for a transport was arriving.

As I mentioned earlier, I remained together with *Ayzik Tzigel*; we shared a "bed" for sleeping and worked together. After five days of working, he received 25 lashes for trying to carry five pieces of sugar into the camp. He was taken back to the camp on a wagon. The next morning, he was sent to another block, from which everyone was usually taken away in unknown directions.

Now I was left alone. I was assigned a Jew from Grodno, to share my bed with. We became good comrades, but **unfortunately the situation** did not last long. Once, I decided to smuggle a box of sardines into the camp for the "blokovn" (**person in authority?**) in order to persuade him to take two people, *Yashke Margolyes and Yehoshua Shapiro*, out of the "Crematorium Number 1" work crew and put them in another squad.

Thus, on the walk from the train station back to the camp, I took a box of sardines with me. But when we had to pass the block leader's house at the gate, we were searched, and the box of sardines was found on me. My number was noted, **and for the moment**, I was released. The next morning, I went to work as I did every day. But at lunchtime, the "Zeyde" ("grandpa") called my number and I had to go to him, knowing what to expect.

"Bend down, blighter!" he yelled wildly at me, pointing his finger at the "bench". No reason for the punishment followed, the order had to be

<p>vern. ikh bin arayn in benkl. di hent un fis hot der kapo mir tsugeshtmidt un a geshray hot zikh derhert fun „zeydn“: „Tseyln!“ „Eyns!“ a shmits mitn geflokhtenem rimen. dos shtik blay hot gegeben a zets in boykh. fun ershtn klap hob ikh derfilt a shtarkn veytik untern hartsn un a shvindlnish far di oygn. a geshray tsuzamen</p>	<p>carried out immediately. So I lay down on the "bench", the Kapo clamped my hands and feet, and the "Zeyde" yelled, "Count!" "One!" A blow with the braided strap. The piece of lead (at the tip) slashed into my belly. After the first blow, I felt a sharp pain under my heart and felt dizzy. Cries and</p>
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<p>mit trern hot zikh aroysgerisn un glaykh iz gefaln a tsveyter un a driter klap. yeder klap hot aroysgerisn a shtik fleysh fun kerper. biz finf hob ikh getseylt un dan hot shoyn der kapo ongehoybn tsu tseyln. ikh hob shoyn mer nisht gekont shrayen. ven men hot mir opgebundn di hent un fis bin ikh gefaln tsu der erd in a farkhaleshtn tsushtand.</p> <p>azoy bin ikh opgelegn untern shap (1) biz farnakht. dan hot men mikh aroyfgeleygt oyfn vegele un gefirt in lager. kumendik ahin hob ikh ersht derfilt di veytikn. mayn bayshlefer hot mikh geleygt a nasn hantekh (2). di gantse nakht bin ikh gelegn oyfn boykh un gekrekhtst. tsumorgns bin ikh koyrn aroys tsum tseyln-apel. tsvey khaveyrim hobn mikh gehaltn untern di orems. tsu der arbet hob ikh shoyn nisht gekent geyn. azoy hobn zikh farendikt mayne drey vokhn „kanade“-arbet.</p> <p>in dem zelbn tog, farnakhtsu, hot der blok-shrayber oysgerufn mayn numer un men hot mikh opgefirt oyfn blok numer 3, do hobn zikh gefunen di, velkhe zaynen tsurikgekumen fun revir un ale geshlogene, velkhe hobn nisht gekent geyn tsu der arbet. der blok „drey“ iz eyner fun di ergste, shmutsikste blokn. a shteynerner blok mit 700 arestirte fun velkhe a 600 shoyn bloyz shotns fun mentshn, velkhe zaynen shoyn nisht geven arbets-feik. zey hobn kandidirt tsum blok numer 7.</p> <p>der blok-eltster iz a yid fun Frankreykh. zeyer a shtrenger man, nor er ken nisht bakemfn dem shmuts vos hersht bay im in blok. der blok numer</p>	<p>tears escaped from me, and immediately, a second and third blow fell. Each blow tore a piece of flesh from my body. I counted to "five", but then the Kapo already began to count, because I could not even scream anymore. When they untied my hands and feet, I fell unconscious to the ground.</p> <p>So I was lying there under the "shap" (1) until the evening. Then, I was put on a cart and taken to the camp. It was only on the way there that I felt the pain. My bedmate put a compress on me with a wet towel (2). The whole night, I lay on my belly and moaned. The next morning, I barely managed to go out to the roll-call. Two comrades supported me under my arms. But I could no longer go to work. That was, how my three weeks in "Canada " ended.</p> <p>That same day, towards evening, the block clerk called my number, and I was led away to block number 3, where those were standing, who had returned from the precinct or those, who had been beaten and could not go back to work. Block "three" was one of the worst and dirtiest blocks. A brick block with 700 prisoners, 600 of whom were only shadows of human beings. They were no longer fit for work, and therefore they were facing the threat of block number 7.</p> <p>The block elder is a Jew from France. A very strict man, but even he cannot fight the dirt in his block. The block number 3 is the way to death.</p>
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<p>drey iz der veg tsum toyt. yedn tog flegt men aroystrogn 30-40 korbones tsu der vant. dem gantsn tog hot men gemuzt zayn oyf der gas. der lager-eltster flegt undz traybn fun eyn plats tsum tsveytn un derbay flegn faln etlekhe toyte fun di shtekns. oykh flegt men oyskloybn di gezintere tsu lager-arbet. men flegt darfn trogn shteyner tsum brukirn di eyntsike lager-gas. in eyn tog bin ikh gelegn oyf der gas un tsu morgns hot men mikh genumen tsum trogn shvere shteyner. tsuzamen</p>	<p>Every day, 30-40 victims are carried out to the wall. The whole day, we had to be on the street. The camp elder drove us from one place to the next, and in this process, quite a few fell down under the canes and died. The healthier inmates were selected to do camp work. They had to carry stones so that the only camp road could be paved. One day I was still lying on the road, and the next morning they had already assigned me to carry heavy stones. I shared</p>
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- (1) I cannot exclude that the word "shap" in this context is a spelling mistake. In any case, the author was lying unconscious on the floor after the terrible abuse, possibly under the "bench".
- (2) The translation of this very shortened sentence is not entirely certain. But it arises from the somewhat later context on page 195, when "cold compresses are applied again".

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<p>mit mir iz oykh geshlofn a gevezener kapo-an Estreykher, velkher hot bakumen fun raport-firer, Shilinger, 25 shmits.</p> <p>zayendik in lager flegn mir zen di oytos gepakt mit mentshn, velkhe men hot gefirt tsum veldl. dort iz geshtanen a kleyne gemoyerte khate mit tsvey hiltserne barakn. in a halber sho arum flegt shoyn flakern a fayer fun di griber aroys un a shvartser roykh flegt zikh kayklen un fartunklen dem bloyen himl. tsvey krematoryums zaynen shoyn geven fartik. di koymens zaynen shoyn geshtanen arumgenumen mit ayzn, zey zoln nisht platsn fun groysn fayer.</p> <p>di hoykh fun koymen iz dreysik meter. eyner fun tsveytn vert opgeteylt mit a breyter gas un yeder krematoryum iz arumgetsoymt mit an elektrishn drot, arum velkhn es shteyen shoyn hoykhe hiltserne turems far der vakh.</p> <p>kegniber undzer lager iz geven der froyen-lager. mir flegn fun vaytns tsukukn vi es dreyen zikh arum shotns fun froyen, on hor, on shikh, in eyn bluze, tserisene hemder. es iz undz geven zeyer shtreng farbotn tsu shteyn nont baym drot un redn mit di froyen. oyf dem flegt gut akhtung</p>	<p>the sleeping place with a former Kapo, an Austrian, who had received 25 lashes from the "Rapportführer" Schillinger.</p> <p>Being in the camp, we usually saw the trucks, which were fully loaded with people, being transported to the grove. There was a small, brick hut with two wooden barracks. After half an hour, a fire used to flicker out of the pits, and black clouds of smoke darkened the blue sky. Two crematoriums were already complete. Their chimneys were covered with iron, so that they would not burst from the great fire.</p> <p>The height of the chimneys is thirty meters. They are separated from each other by a wide road, and each crematorium is fenced with an electric wire, which is already surrounded by high, wooden watchtowers.</p> <p>Opposite our camp was the women's camp. We used to watch from a distance, as shadows of women moved over there, without hair, without shoes, in a single blouse or in torn shirts. We were very strictly forbidden to stand near the wire and talk to the women. This was well supervised</p>
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<p>gebn der lager-kapo. farn mindestn khshad, az eyner hot oyfgehoybn di hant un gemakht a bavegung in der rikhtung tsum lager fun di froyen, hot shoyner yener bakumen tsen shmits glaykh oyf der shtel, oder a meldung, velkhe hot geheysn drey khadoshim S.K.; oykh bay di froyen iz geven ongevendet di zelbe shtrof.</p> <p>di froyen zaynen geven ingantsn izolirt fun di mener un keyner hot nisht gevust ver es lebt nokh un ver es iz arayn in lager fun transport. fun undzer transport zaynen arayn in lager a grupe meydlekh fun 17 biz 20 yor, nor keyner fun undz hot nisht gevust oyb eyne fun zey lebt nokh. bay undz in lager hobn gearbet etlekhe hundert froyen, velkhe zaynen geven zeyer shtreng bavakht. ven di froyen flegn marshirn tsu der arbet un fun der arbet, flegt men undz fartraybn mit shtekns tsu di zaytn fun veg.</p> <p>ven eynem flegt amol gelingen tsu shteyn nenter, flegt er oykh nisht kenen derkonen keyn bakant ponim, vayl di froyen, vi di mener, hobn zikh zeyer shtark farendert in oyslerlekhn oyszen. kh'fleg oft shteyn in der zayt,</p>	<p>by the camp Kapo. At the slightest suspicion that one had raised his hand to make a gesture in the direction of the women's camp, there were ten lashes on the spot or a report that meant three months "S.K." (<b>Strafkommando</b>); this punishment also applied to the women.</p> <p>The women were completely isolated from the men; and no one knew who was still alive, and who from the transports was still in the camp. From our transport, a group of 17- to 20-year-old girls had come to the camp, but none of us knew if any of them were still alive. The hundreds of women, who worked opposite us in the camp, were very closely guarded. Whenever the women marched to or from work, we were driven off with sticks to the sides of the road.</p> <p>However, if someone managed to get closer, he still did not recognize a familiar face, because both the women and the men had changed very much in appearance. Often I stood at the side,</p>
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<p>onshtrengen mayn blik oyf di froyen velkhe flegn zikh shlepn vi shotns zikhndik, efsher vel ikh derzen a bakante, a noente...</p> <p>fun undzer transport zaynen bloyz geblibn etlekhe tsendlik mentshn. yedn tog iz zeyer tsol farmindert gevorn. etlekhe hot men avekgeshiht oyf a transport in a dernebdikn lager, Bana (1).</p> <p>a transport hot men arayngenumen arbetn in zonder-komando. im hobn mir iberhoypt nisht gezen. di zonder-komande iz geven opgeshlosn fun arumikn lager un undz iz geven shtreng farbotn tsu redn mit im a vort. mir hobn bloyz gevust bay vos far an arbet zey arbetn.</p> <p>di merhayt fun der zonder-komande hobn gut oysgezen. ven zey flegn araynkumen in lager flegn zey trogn torbes esnvarg. zey flegn oft varfn</p>	<p>focusing my gaze on the women, who dragged themselves along like shadows, searching for an acquaintance, for someone close to me... From our transport, only a few dozen had remained. Every day, their number decreased even more. A few were transported away to a subcamp, to Bana (1).</p> <p>One transport was assigned to work in a "Sonderkommando" (special command), which was completely separated from the surrounding camps. We were strictly forbidden, to exchange a word with <b>its inmates</b>. However, we knew very well what kind of work they were doing. The majority <b>of the people</b> in the Sonderkommando looked fine. Whenever they entered the camp, they carried in sacks of food. Often,</p>
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<p>broyt di bakante. der eyntsiker tsvishn zey fun undzer shtetl flegt oykh tsuvarfn a shtikl broyt tsu eynem fun undz un mit dem broyt flegn mir zikh teyln.</p> <p>eyn mol iz mir gelungen tsu redn mit im durkh a lokh fun vant, velkhe zey hobn oysgehakt. dan hob ikh zikh oykh dervust, az nokh eyner fun undzer shtetl, <i>Shloyme Avnet (der geler)</i> arbet oykh in krematoryum. er iz gekumen mit drey khadoshim far undz fun a tsveytn shtetl un glyaykh hot men im tsugetzeylt tsu aza arbet.</p> <p>abisl vaser fleg ikh oft bakumen durkh lokh un oykh a shtikl broyt. di tsayt vos ikh hob gearbet in lager flegn bayde zayn in blok, vayl zey hobn gearbet nakht-shikht un ikh fleg shoyn opvartn a moment ven keyner flegt nisht bamerkn un mir flegn zikh tsunoyfredn. durkh zey hob ikh zikh shoyn genoy dervust, vi es geyt tsu baym fargazn un farbrenen di mentshn un vegn goyrl fun undzere eygene.</p> <p>tsvey vokhn hob ikh gearbet in lager baym boyen di gas. shpeter hot men oyfgeshtelt a naye komande fun blok drey. der kapo velkher iz tsuzamen mit mir geshlofn iz gevorn kapo fun der nayer komande, vos hot getrogn dem nomen „abort-barakn“. do hobn gearbet 40 mentshn, ale fun blok 3. undzer arbet iz bashtanen in grobn fundamentn tsum boyen oyvns un vaser-leytung far di naye lagern. es hobn zikh geboyt zibn lagern tsu 32 barakn in yedn lager. di arbet iz gegangen mit a shneln tempo.</p>	<p>they would throw bread over for their acquaintances. The only one of them, who came from our shtetl, also used to throw a piece of bread to one of us, which we would share.</p> <p>Once, I managed to talk to him through a hole in the wall, which they had hacked out. That's how I learned that another one from our shtetl, <i>Shloime Avnet ("the Blond One")</i>, also worked in the crematorium. He had come there three months before us from another shtetl, and they had assigned him to this work right away.</p> <p>Through the hole, I was often given a little water and a piece of bread. At the time, while I worked in the camp, both (above mentioned) used to be in the block, because they worked in night shifts. I usually waited a moment when no one noticed, and then we talked. Through them, I learned exactly, what happened during the gassing and burning of people, and about the fate of our relatives.</p> <p>For two weeks, I worked in the camp, building the road. Later, they set up a new work crew from block three. The Kapo, who was my bedmate, became the Kapo of the new squad, which was called "Abort-Baracken" (toilet barracks). There were 40 people working there, all from block three. Our work consisted of building foundations for the construction of ovens and water pipes for the new camps. Seven camps were under construction, each with 32 (residential) barracks. The work progressed at a rapid pace.</p>
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(1)The pronunciation of the name is clearly indicated as "Bana" by Yiddish vowel signs. However, I cannot exclude the possibility that "Buna" is meant:

<https://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/buna-subcamp>

<p>tsuzamen mit undz hobn gearbet etlikhe tsivile polyakn mit velkhe es iz undz geven farbotn oystsuredn a vort. undz iz nor geven derloybt tsu arbetn un oystsufiln ale farordnungen.</p>	<p>There were several civilian Poles working with us, with whom we were forbidden to speak. We were only allowed to work and to obey all the orders.</p>
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der kapo hot zikh gut batsoygn tsu undz. er flegt nisht shlogn un nisht treybn di arbet. mit mir tsuzamen hot oyf komande oykh gearbet eyner fun mayn shtetl, *Pinye Klas*. er hot shnel geshlosn kantshaft mit di tsivil-polyakn un hot mit zey „oyf shtil“ ongehoyn tsu handlen. der handl iz bashtanen in farkoyfn a hemd, a por tsivil-hoyzn on di lager shtreyfn, a por shikh un azoy vayter. di kleyder flegt men in lager bakumen bay di velkhe hobn gearbet in „kanade“ un in zonder-komande.

Pinye hot in zonder-komande gehat a kuzin, *Osnyel (Othniel) Leybovitch*. er flegt im „untershtitsn“ mit di zakhn. ikh hob geshlosn mit Pinyen a shutfes un vos di tsivile flegn brengen, flegn mir tsvishn zikh onteyln. oykh der kapo flegt zikh makhn nisht zeendik. mir flegn oykh bakumen fun di tsivile etlekhe eyer. dos flegn mir arayntrogn in lager un es baytn in kantin, velkhe iz geven bloyz far polyakn un daytshn.

mir flegn baytn umlegal oyf tsigaretn. di tsigaretn flegn mir farbaytn oyf broyt. azoy hot zikh gefirt der umlegaler handl. eyn mol in a farnakht ven mir hobn zikh geklibn tsu geyn in lager iz tsu mir tsugekumen a „SS“-man, velkher iz geshtanen in a derbayikn barak un mikh gut observirt. er hot mikh geheysn oyfhoyn di hent un gemakht an untermuchung. ikh hob dan gehat finf eyer in keshene. der „SS“-man hot di 5 eyer genumen un farshribn mayn numer. ikh hob shoygn gevust vos es dervart mikh.

in drey tog arum, nokhn tsveytn tseyl-apel, hot men oysgerufn mayn numer. der blok-eltster hot mikh avekgefirt tsum raport-firer, Shilinger. yedn tog flegn kumen azelkhe farzindikte tsum raport un itst, ven ikh bin do geshtanen, hobn zikh oykh farzamlt a tsen perzon mit a por kapos, velkhe hobn tsu veynik geshlogn. eyntselvayz hot men oysgeleyent di bagangene „farbrekhns“. eyn entfere iz undz geven derloybt tsu gebn: „yahvohl!“

The Kapo treated us well. He did not beat us and did not urge us to work. With me together in the squad, also one of my shtetl worked with me, *Pinye Klas*. He quickly became acquainted with the civilian Poles and began to trade with them secretly. The trade consisted of selling a shirt or a pair of civilian pants without stock stripes, plus, among other things, shoes. These clothes would be obtained from those who worked in "Canada" and in the "Sonder-Kommando".

Pinye had a cousin in the "Sonderkommando", *Othniel Leibovitch*. He used to "support" him with the things **he needed**. I established a "partnership" with Pinyen, and what the civilians brought in return, we divided among ourselves. The Kapo deliberately looked away. We usually also received a few eggs from the civilians. We carried them into the camp and then exchanged them in the canteen, which was only for the Poles and Germans.

We illegally traded for cigarettes. And these, we then exchanged for bread. This is how we conducted our illegal trade. At night, just as we were about to leave for the camp, an SS man came to me who had been standing in the next barrack, keeping a close watch on me. He instructed me to raise my hands and examined me. I had 5 eggs in my pocket at that time. The SS man took the 5 eggs and wrote down my number. I already knew what was waiting for me.

Three days later, after the second roll call, my number was called. The block elder led me to the "Rapportführer" Schillinger. Usually, every day such "sinners" came to the "rapport" (situation report), and now, when I was standing there, about ten people had already gathered, among them a few Kapos, who had not given enough beatings. Individually, the "crimes committed" were read out. Only one answer we were allowed to give: "Yessir!".



Cells at Auschwitz (not Birkenau) concentration camp's notorious Block 11. Hatch to a standing cell is seen at the end of the corridor, This file is licensed under the *Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 3.0 Unported, 2.5 Generic, 2.0 Generic and 1.0 Generic* license. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Standing\\_cell#/media/File:Auschwitz\\_1\\_Block\\_11.jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Standing_cell#/media/File:Auschwitz_1_Block_11.jpg), no changes made, author: Diether

azoy hot men fargeleyent yedn bazunder un dan iz gekumen der urteyl.  
 - numer 93886 iz bashtroft gevorn mit finf nekht shtey-bunker!  
 - yavohl, iz geven der entfer.  
 in dem zelbn farnakht hot men mikh arayngefirt in a shmol koymen fun  
 80 tsentimeter kvadrat, vu es iz geven shtok-fintster, mit zeyer veynik  
 luft. 20 tsentimeter vaser in velkhn men hot arayngeshit a bisl  
 flarik. (1)

fun undzer transport zaynen nokh geblibn in Birkenau bloyz tsen perzon.  
 undzer komande hot zikh fargresert mit 40 oyf 50 perzon. a 20 hot der  
 meyster geshikt arbetn in froyen-lager baym grobn fundamentn tsu oyvns  
 un oysgish leym tsu di naye barakn.

tsvishn di 20 vos der meyster hot bashtimt tsum arbetn in froyen-lager  
 bin ikh mit Pinyen oykh geven. men hot undz ongezogt, az es iz undz  
 farbotn tsu redn a vort mit di froyen, afile ven eyner zol do derkenen zayn  
 shvester- tor er oykh tsu ir nit redn. baym arayngang in froyen-lager hot  
 men oyfgeschribn vihl mentshn es geyen arayn un baym aroysgeyn hot  
 men undz getseylt.

es flegt oykh forkumen a shtrenge revizye baym arayn un aroysgeyn. men  
 flegt zukhn brivlekh. der froyen-lager hot gehat di zelbe tsol barakn un  
 shteynerne blok vi undzer lager. dort iz geven der toytn-blok, numer 25,  
 fun velkhn men flegt yedn tog aroysfirt etlekhe oytos nakete, farpeynikte  
 skeletn.

ven mir hobn tsum ershtn mol araynmarshirt tsu der arbet in froyen-  
 lager, hobn froyen-skeletn gevorn oyf undz oysgeloshene oygn zukhndik  
 bakante ponimer. di froyen hobn shreklekh oysgezen. in lange groye  
 kleyder. on hor. mit tseblutikte fis. es iz dort geven a fray shtik plats, vos  
 men hot gerufn „di plyazhe“. es flegt do lign hunderter halb-  
 farkhaleshte froyen unter der heyser zun un nisht torn aropgeyn fun dem  
 ongevizenem ort.

After the individual reading (of the accusation), the judgement followed:  
 "Number 93886 was punished with five nights of standing cell!"  
 " Yessir!" was the answer.

That same night I was led into a narrow "chimney" of  
 80 square meters, where it was pitch black, with very little air. 20  
 centimeters of water, in which they had poured some "flarik". (1)

Of our transport, only 10 people had remained in Birkenau. Our work  
 crew increased from 40 to 50 people. The master sent 20 of them to  
 work in the women's camp, digging foundations for ovens and pouring  
 clay for the new barracks.

Among these 20 people, whom the master had designated to work in  
 the women's camp, were myself and Pinye. We were instructed that it  
 was forbidden to talk to the women, even if one recognized his sister  
 there. When entering the women's camp, it was noted how many were  
 going in, and when going out, we were recounted.

In addition, there was always a strict check when going in and out;  
 especially letters were searched for. The women's camp had the same  
 number of barracks and stone blocks as our camp. There was the  
 "Toten-Block" (block of dead), number 25, from which some naked,  
 tormented skeletons were taken away each day by trucks.

When we first marched to work in the women's camp, skeletons of  
 women cast vacant glances at us, searching for familiar faces. The  
 women looked terrible: In long, gray dresses, without hair, with bloody  
 feet. There was an empty place there, which was called "the plyazhe"  
 (the Beach). There were usually hundreds of women, lying semi-  
 conscious under the hot sun. They were forbidden to leave the assigned  
 place.

der froyen-lager iz geven iberfult mit artestirte un yedn tog flegn hunderter fun zey blaybn oyf der „plyazhe“ un di zun flegt zey farbakn oyf ebik.

The women's camp was overcrowded with inmates, and every day, hundreds of them remained lying on the "plyazhe", and the sun would burn them until eternity.

(1)= Unfortunately, I cannot interpret this extremely abbreviated sentence. Perhaps it is a bucket of water with a substance, where you could relieve yourself.

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di velkhe flegn nisht aroysgeyn tsu der arbet hobn bakumen veyniker esn. dos iz bashtanen in a halbn liter vaser mit shtiklekh royt ribn. oykh di froyen hobn gelitn oyf der zelber lager-krankheytt- durkhfal. oykh bay zey flegn etlekhe mol in der vokh forkumen selektsyes, durkhgefirt durkh dem zelbn kalt n merder, Mengelyer.

a froyen-lager firern iz dort geven mit nomen Drekslerke (1). ir bavayzn zikh in lager, flegt onvarfn a shrek oyf di froyen. zi flegt kumen tsuzamen mit ir hunt un oyfn zelbn shteyger vi bay undz flegn oykh do forkumen di apeln mit di selektsyes. dort flegn oykh shtendik zayn SS-mener, velkhe hobn gehat far an oyfgabe akhtung tsu gebn tsi di mener redn nisht mit di froyen. farn klenstn fardakht hot gedrot mit 25 shmits.

oyfn dritn tog vos ikh hob gearbet in froyen-lager baym zipn zamd iz tsu mir tsugekumen a SS-man, velkher hot gefirt a groysn hunt bay der zayt un mikh gefregt vos ikh hob geredt mit der froy- onvayzdik derbay mitn finger oyf a meydl, velkhe iz geshtanen fun dervaytns. ikh hob aropgenumen dos hitl un geentfert, az ikh veys fun gornisht- ikh hob mit der froy nisht geredt.

-du host yo geshprokhn, ferflukhter hunt! un er hot mir gegeben a shtoyt mit der hant in Brust.  
ikh halt zikh az „neyn“ un der SS, az „yo“.

Those who could not go to work were given less to eat, that is half a liter of water with pieces of red beet. Also the women suffered from the typical camp disease: diarrhea. They too, were subjected to selections several times a week, carried out by the same cold murderer, Mengele.

In the women's camp there was a leader named "Drekslerke" (1). Her mere appearance in the camp caused terror among the women. She usually came with her dog, and just in the same way as in our camp, there were also the roll calls with the selections. Moreover, there were SS men there all the time, who had the task of making sure that the men did not talk to the women. At the slightest suspicion, 25 lashes were threatened.

On the third day of my work in the women's camp, while I was shoveling sand, an SS man came up to me, with a large dog at his side, and asked me what I had been talking about with the woman. He pointed his finger at a girl standing in the distance. Taking off my cap, I answered that I didn't know anything, that I hadn't spoken to the woman.

"You were very well talking to her, cursed dog!" and he poked me in the chest with his hand.  
I continued to say no, only the SS man insisted,

<p>-du host geshprokhn, halt er zikh bay zays-kum tsum lager-firer!</p> <p>mir zaynen avek tsum lager-firer. bay der lager-firer-shtube zaynen mir shteyn geblibn. der SS iz arayn ineveynik un gemoldn vegn mir. tsurik iz er aroysgekumen mitn bavustn merder, opshar-firer Mol (2), a nideriker, a fest geboyter mit a rundn, dikn gezikht. er hot mikh opgemostn fun kop biz di fis un iz tsurik arayn in biro.</p> <p>der SS-man iz shteyn geblibn leben mir un hot geshmeykhlt unter di shvartse vontselekh.</p>	<p>"Yes, you did speak to her very well! Come with me to the camp leader!"</p> <p>So we went to the camp leader. We stopped at his house, the SS man ran in and made a report about me. He then came back with the well-known murderer, Oberscharführer Moll (2), a short, sturdy man with a round, fat face. He measured me from head to toe and then went back to his office.</p> <p>The SS man stopped and smiled under his black whiskers.</p>
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- (1) Margot Drechsler oder Dreschel, find more [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Margot\\_Dreschel](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Margot_Dreschel)  
(2) Otto Moll, see [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Otto\\_Moll](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Otto_Moll)

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<p>-du vest bald dertseyln, vos du host geshprokhn...  ikh entfere nicht keyn vort. kh'vart biz men vet mir gebn mayn shtrof: oder 25 shmits, oder oyfshraybn dem numer un in S.K.  bald iz aroysgekumen der merder Mol mit a grobn shtekn in hant.  -du vest zogn „vos du host geshprokhn, du hunt, shmutsiker?“  -ikh hob nisht geshprokhn, her opsharfirer, hob ikh geentfert un nokh alts geshtanen mit di hent aropgelozt vi farglivert.</p> <p>- du vest shoyn bald shprekhn-un er vayzt mir dem shtekn mit a kaltn merderishn gelehkter. ikh entfere nisht keyn vort un vart oyf vayterdike bafeln.  -big dikh-du zau-mensh!!  der SS-man, velkher iz geshtanen bay der zayt, hot mikh ongehaltn baym kop un ikh hob derfilt a festn klap. nokhn zekstn klap vos ikh hob bakumen oyfn rukn, bin ikh gefaln in a bavustlozn tsushtand.</p>	<p>"In just a moment, you will tell, what you said!"...  I didn't answer a word but waited for my punishment: Either 25 lashes or a note of my number and then "S.K."  Soon, the murderer Moll came out with a rough stick in his hand:  "Now, will you testify what you said, you dirty dog?"  "I didn't say anything, Herr Oberscharführer", I replied, and still stood there with my hands hanging down as if frozen.</p> <p>"You'll talk soon!" He shows me his cane and laughs coldly. I do not answer but wait for further orders.</p> <p>"Bend down, you pig!"  The SS man standing to the side grabbed my head, and I felt a hard blow. After the sixth blow, which I got on my back, I passed out.</p>
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<p>ven ikh hob vider oyfgemakht di oygn, bin ikh geven nas fun kop biz du fis. a leydiker emer iz geshtanen bay der zayt. in a redl arum mir zaynen geshtanen: der bandit Mol, der SS-man un etlekhe SS-froyen. ale hobn gelakht un mikh geshturkhet mit di shtivl in di zaytn. -oyfshteyn, du hunt! hot zikh derhert dem sadistn Mols a geshray un vider a klap iber mayn kerper.</p> <p>ikh bin oyfgeshtanen un der SS hot mikh vider ongekhapt baym kop. es hot zikh nokhamol ongehoyn. itst hob ikh shoyn nisht gefilt di veytikn vi frier. itst hob ikh bloyz gehert dos tseyln un dos gelekhter fun di arum-shteyendike sadistn, velkhe hobn zikh azoy farvaylt mit dem khayishn „sport“.</p> <p>tsvantsik shmits hob ikh opgetseylt shoyn tsum tsveytn mol un do hot zikh der merder Mol opgeshtelt, zikh umgedreyt tsu mir un gelakht. fun zayn gezikht hot gerunen a shveys. -nu, yetst vestu shoyn mer nisht shprekhn, marsh tsum lager, tsu der arbet!</p>	<p>When I opened my eyes again, I was soaked from head to toe. There was an empty bucket on the side. Around me stood: the bandit Moll, the SS man and several SS women. Everyone laughed and poked me in my sides with their boots. "Get up, you dog!", I heard the screams of the sadist Moll, and another blow hit my body.</p> <p>I got up and the SS man grabbed my head again, and the beatings began again. I no longer felt any pain, only heard the counting and laughter of the sadists standing around, who were enjoying themselves in this bestial "sport".</p> <p>For the second time, I counted 20 lashes until the murderer Moll stopped, turned to me and laughed. Sweat ran from his face. "So, now you won't talk anymore! March to the camp, to work!"</p>
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<p>tsum SS-man hot er gezogt, az er zol gut akhtung gebn oyf mir, az ikh zol fest arbetn. dos iz geven mayn ershte shtrof, velkhe ikh hob bakumen poshet iber a sheker-bilbl (Verleumdung) fun dem SS-man, velkher hot gevolt bavayzn farn lager-firer az er iz getray un az er git gut akhtung. biz farnakht iz der SS-man geshtanen leben mir un mikh getribn bay der arbet. kumendik tsurik in lager, nokhn apel, hob ikh ersht derfilt di veytikn. vider hob ikh geleygt kalte kompren un tsumorgns bin ikh nit gegangen arbetn.</p>	<p>He instructed the SS man to take good care of me, that I was working hard. This had been my first punishment, which I had received simply because of a false accusation by the SS man, who wanted to prove to the camp leader that he was loyal and paying good attention. Until evening, the SS man stood next to me and drove me to work. I only felt the pain when I returned to the camp, after roll call. Again I put cold compresses on and next morning, I didn't go to work.</p>
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<p>oyfn dritn tog bin ikh avek arbetn, vayl dem tog iz fargekumen a khapung in lager un ikh hob zikh dos dervust fun a shtub-dinst. di khapung flegt forkumen, ot oyf vos far an oyfn:</p> <p>ale blok-firer tsuzamen mitn eltstn un mit di blok-eltstn flegn zikh aroyslozn in lager un oyfzikhn ale di, vos flegn zikh bahaltn un nisht veln zayn arbetn. di merste fun zey hobn shoyn nisht gekent arbetn un in blok 7 hobn zey nisht gevolt geyn. az men flegt shoyn alemen tsunoyftraybn oyf eyn plats, iz gekumen an oyto un men hot alemen mit shtekns aroys(f?) getribn un gefirt in krematoryum.</p> <p>in dem tog hot men oykh tsugenumen eynem fun undzer shtetl, <i>Yeshoshua Shapiro</i>, velkher iz shoyn gelegn leben der vant, nisht kenendik aroysgeyn tsu der arbet. ale mayne onshtrengungen im tsu nehmen oyf der komande tsu der arbet zaynen geven umzist. er hot shoyn nisht gekent shteyn oyf di fis.</p> <p>undzer kleyne grupe iz mit yedn tog gevorn alts klener. in der tsayt vos ikh mit Pinyen hobn gearbet in froyen-lager, hobn mir gezukht a bakant ponim fun a froy un nisht gefunen. oyf yeder nokhfrage bay di froyen velkhe hobn gearbet in dem zelbn barak baym aroystrogn di aroysgegrobene erd hobn mir bakumen eyn entfer: keyner fun undzer transport iz do mer nishto, ale zaynen shoyn in krematoryum.</p> <p>yedn tog flegt tsu undz kumen Shilinger, oyf a rover, un kontrolirn di arbet. derbay flegt er shtendik gebn etlekhe petsh dem kapo, lemay er traybt nisht di arbet.</p>	<p>On the third day I went back to work, because there had been seizures in the camp, as I learned from a room service. The seizures went as follows: All block leaders, together with the elders and block elders, had gone to the camp to find those who were hiding and not going to work. Most of them could no longer work, but they did not want to go to Block 7 either. Now that all ("refuseniks") had been herded into one place, a truck arrived, onto which all were herded with sticks and transported to the crematorium.</p> <p>This day, one of our shtetl was also taken away, <i>Yeshoshua Shapiro</i>, who had already been lying next to the wall and could no longer go to work. All my efforts to take him to our work crew had been in vain. He was already unable to stand on his feet.</p> <p>Our small group was getting even smaller with each passing day. During the time I worked with Pinye in the women's camp, we looked for a familiar woman's face, but we found none. Whenever we asked the women who worked in the same barracks and carried the excavated earth out, we got the same answer: There is no one left from our transport, everyone is already in the crematorium.</p> <p>Every day, Schillinger came to us on a bicycle to check our work. In the process, he constantly administered slaps to our Kapo for not speeding up the work.</p>
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<p>dan hot der kapo bashlosn akhtung tsu gebn az ven Shilinger kumt zoln ale arbetn fester. fil mol flegt er take araynkhapn petsh vayl eynike fun undz zaynen gezesn mit farleygte hent.</p>	<p>Thus, the Kapo decided to watch out if Schillinger came. Then everyone should work harder. In fact, he often gave out slaps then, when some of us sat idle.</p>
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der kapo hot mikh bashtimt, az ikh zol di gantse tsayt shteyn in der tir fun barak un akhtung gebn ven Shilinger oder a tsveyter SS-man vet zikh bavayzn, zol ikh gebn a tsaykhn men zol arbetn. yede minut vos mir flegn kenen araynganvenen un nisht arbetn iz far undz geven a sho lenger leben.

azoy bin ikh geshtanen bay der tir un gut akhtung gegeben. der kapo flegt arumgeyn in lager un ale flegn lign in grub, haltndik di arbet -makhshirem in di hent un yede minut zayn greyt tsu der arbet.

ikh hob nisht aropgelozt di oygn fun keyn eyn froy, velkhe flegt farbaygeyn: efsher vel ikh fort emitsn trefn fun undzer shtetl. es hot zikh mir nisht gevolt gloybn, az keyner iz shoyn nishto. ikh fleg tsuzamen mit Pinyen avekgeyn mit a „trage“ tsigl arum der „plyazhn“ un zukhn, ober keynem nisht gefunen.

The Kapo ordered me, to stand all the time at the door of the barracks and watch, whether Schillinger or another SS man would show himself. In that case, I was to give a sign that one should work. Every minute that we gained by idleness meant for us to live a whole hour longer.

So I stood at the door and paid close attention. When the Kapo went around the camp, we usually all lay in the pit, holding our work utensils in our hands, so that we would be ready to work immediately.

I watched the women who passed by incessantly. Maybe I would meet someone from our shtetl after all! I just didn't want to believe that none of them should be there anymore. Usually, together with Pinye, I went around the "plyazhe" with a cartload of bricks and searched, but I found no one.